

Article
Published in the
Armed Services Mag.
May 1880

No 6

Subject
Over Indians of the Southwest
First Paper

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By General O. O. Howard.

During the year 1872, by direction of President Grant, I made two trips across the continent for the purpose of Indian peace-making. It came about somewhat in this way.

Mr. Vincent Colyer, a recognized friend of the Indian had made, as a Government official, extensive journeys among numerous tribes, during the preceeding year, some of them reaching to the extreme Southwest. His reports were elaborate, full of incidents and gave satisfaction to the peace-policy advocates. But as there were still numerous bands roaming through the Territories, the atmosphere was burdened with complaints. The most noted band, that claimed the famous Cochise for a leader, was still alleged to be in open war. His men were preying upon the scattered settlements and extending their thieving expeditions beyond our boundaries into Mexico.

Father Lang, as the well known friend of the Indian Commission was called, opposed as he was according to his Faith to war, conceived the project of utilizing the military arm. He began by proposing to dispatch me, a soldier without arms, to the troubled district to bring the Indians to peace. He visited the Honorable Secretary and said: "Why not send General Howard?" The Secretary carried the matter to the President, who replied: "Yes, certainly, send him. There is ~~certainly~~ no harm in one more trial for peace." Of course I went.

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Of course I went.

The success of the first effort.

The first journey began early in March and was by way of San Francisco and the Pacific, thence via the Gulf of California and the Colorado River.

The second was through Denver, Santa Fe and across the Territory of New Mexico. The first expedition had a moderate success, and was, though less hazardous, most important in preliminary peace-measures which paved the way to the second.

After a month's ranging from tribe to tribe in Arizona, to acquaint and become acquainted I succeeded in effecting a remarkable field-meeting. There were assembled on the Arivipa in the neighborhood of old Camp Grant, various tribes of Indians, tame and wild, who hated each other, Mexican residents and white men, more or less emancipated from civilized restraints, with the Governor, the territorial officers and United States soldiers.

Several Apache children, who had been stolen after the Camp-Grant massacre of Indians, were brought back and finally restored to the tribe to which they belonged. Pimas and Papagoes and Apaches, that had fought each other for half a century, came to embrace after the Indian manner, and made mutual promises of enduring peace, amid the moistened eyes of the lookers on. Santo, an old chief with a short neck and thick hair, sprinkled with gray, said: "Now the canyons will be filled up and the crooked trails be straightened and smoothed." He set a piece of quartz in the midst and re-

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hostilities, and the motioned eyes of the Indians on Santa, an old

chief with a short neck and thin hair, sprinkled with gray, said:

"Now the arrows will be lifted up and the crooked trails be straight-

ened and smoothed." He set a piece of pipe in the midst and re-

marked: "While this stone lasts, there shall be peace."

After/considerable anxious diplomacy and the risk of a midnight visit to a wild Apache camp, I secured delegates for Washington.

It was an odd group. They represented tribes hundreds of mile apart and each tribe spoke a different language. There were ten, including the Interpreter, who was really a half-breed, ~~though~~ leaning strongly to the indian side. His Mexican blood was indicated by his name, Concepcion. He had spent the greater part of his life among Indians. Of the ten, two were Pimas, one a Papago from near Tucson; two, Date Creek Indians, and the other five, Apaches, distinguished ^{in their cognomen} by the rivers or mountains where their people roamed.

~~A~~ ~~One~~ hundred miles east of the Arivipa, over and beyond jagged hills and flinty canyons, with trails not yet smoothed by Santo's prophesy, we find Camp Apache. Here the ^{Washington} company is completed. Here are the last parting scenes, so wonderfully alike those among whiter faces, when a Steam-ship is departing for a lengthy voyage. Indians had come in to the post for rations. They sat on the ground, as multitudes have always sat and waited, for the distribution of bread. There were many tears and much apprehension at this parting.

Eskeltecela, the eldest Chief, who made me look into his large ^{see} steady eye to see that there was no badness there, drew me to his wife and daughters, and made me explain and promise. Old Santo praised me over and over to the children of Miguel and Pedro to reassure their hearts. For, be it remembered, this was no light thing,

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progress, we found camp Apache. Here the company is complete. Here
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I have when a steamship is departing for a last voyage, Indians
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steady eye to see that there was no deception there, drew me to his
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praised me over and over for the children of Miguel and Pedro to re-
assure their hearts. For he is remembered, this was no light thing

this going to Washington! These Indians had heretofore never seen a telegraph post nor a railway. My old professor Cleveland, the chemist and geologist, forty years ago saw his first rail-track and rail carriage. His eyes sparkled behind his spectacles with new delight and his face wrinkled into a wondering smile at the sight. But he shook his head and declared: "I'm too old, I'll not risk it." So never did he ride, except in his own well tried chaise, from the Androscoggin to Boston. What was the risk of the venturesome ~~E~~^Eneas, who only journeyed from Troy by the way of the African coast to Italy, to these prospective three thousand miles through vast regions, to them unknown? I did not wonder at their fears but at their simple confidence in a white man's promise of a return.

Besides the Indians, we here added to the party the Arizona Superintendent, Dr. Bendell, and Mr. Cook, the Pima Indian teacher. These with Captain Wilkinson, my Aide de Camp, the drivers of the wagons and a few soldiers ^{constituted the party} ~~completed the company.~~

Our conveyances were an old lofty six mule wagon, Dr. Bendell's four mule ambulance and a few saddle horses.

Now behold our improvised chariots with Indian outriders! We go from "Apache" that green plateau, snuggled away among the Sierras, taking up our eastward march.

Our first camp is made where there is a glade-like opening in the almost continuous forest. "Apache men must not work!" So says half blind Miguel as he bends his solitary eye on me, when I

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This being the case, I had no choice but to go to Washington. These Indians had heretofore never seen a telegraph post nor a railway. My old professor Cleveland, the chemist and geologist, forty years ago saw his first rail-track and rail-carriage. His eyes sparkled behind his spectacles with new delight and his face twinkled like a sparkling emerald at the sight. But he shook his head and declared: "I'm too old, I'll not risk it." He never did do it, except in his own well tested chair, from the Washington to Boston. What was the risk of the ventricle? Kansas, who only journeyed from Troy by the way of the Atlantic coast to Italy, to these prospective three thousand miles through vast regions, so then unknown? I did not wonder at their fears but at their simple confidence in a white man's promise of a return. Besides the Indians, we were added to the party the Arizona Superintendent Dr. Hendell and Mr. Cook, the Pine Indian teacher. Thus with Captain Wilkinson, my aide de camp, the drivers of the wagons and a few soldiers completed the company. Our provisions were an old half six mile wagon, Dr. Hendell's four mile ambulance and a few saddle horses. Now behold our improvised chariot with Indian attendants. We go from "Apache" that green plateau, arranged away among the bluffs taking up our onward march. Our first camp is made where there is a shade-like opening in the almost continuous forest. "Apache men must not work," he says half blind Michel as he bends his solitary eye on me, when I

begin to gather sticks for the camp fire. "We must all work," I reply. "Take the hatchet and come and help me, Miguel." "Tâtâh no work, white tâtâh no work." "I am as big a tâtâh as you are Miguel," I laughingly rejoin. Thereupon he joins me half in sport, and the rest follow suit. This was the first lesson. Before long he would spring to anticipate me in this kind of choring. One should have been there to have seen these wild faces as the appliances of civilization new to them, from time to time dawned upon them.

After the fire was started and cooking well begun, a square piece of canvass, like the fly of a tent was spread upon the ground and a plate with knife and fork put into position for each guest. Of course I was the host and sat at head of this lowly table. The easiest position was cross-legged, like the tailor on his bench. Some of the Indians squatted, some leaned sideways and forward like the disciples in the picture of the Supper and some of the white men kneeled. After the viands were placed, it was difficult to resist the call of appetite till the shortest Grace had been said. Soon the preliminary reverent uncovering of the head, became a potent sign. We also, rather awkwardly at first began the uses of these knives, forks and spoons. Pedro, for example, who acquired polite processes fastest, would spear the slice of bread with his fork, while yet he took the meat in his fingers. Louis of the Pimas, who spoke four languages and whose broad braids of hair, shining black, hung to his calves and the demure old Santo were

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he would spring to anticipate me in this kind of working. One should
have been there to have seen these wild faces as the appliances of
civilization new to them, from then on they dwined upon them.
After the fire was started and cooking well begun, a square
piece of canvas, like the fly of a tent was spread upon the ground
and a plate with knife and fork put into position for each guest.
Of course I was the host and sat at head of this lovely table. The
nearest position was those-legged, like the father on his bench.
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with his fork, while yet he took the most for his fingers. Some of
the times, who spoke four languages and whose broad stride of hair
shining black, came to his knives and the Spanish old Garfo was

have in order consi
 obliged to ~~have~~ to preserve their equanimity, ^{derable} meal-time extension.

My Sabbath drill was for awhile a little irksome. It was I think at the end of the second day, when the order was given to halt till Monday. The restless Miguel came to me, mounted on his gray pony and with a Chinaman's brevity said: "Miguel go - his house - come back." Mr. Cook shook his head and long haired Louis said: "No more Miguel!" Three days afterward, when we had emerged from the forest, and had entered upon those vast over-land stretches of the tree-less wilderness we caught sight of a supple horseman riding, at an angle toward our party. As soon as he was near enough for recognition, I was glad to hear the doubting Louis say: "He aqui Apache Miguel!" It was indeed Miguel, true to his word. This return was the more gratifying to me as an earnest proof of the confidence which I wished to repose in these indians. I have trusted Indians and white men and have been betrayed. Who has not? Still, until I lose all faith in man, I shall not cease to test the principle, that has usually worked well: that, Trust begets trust. The exceptions may be numbered on the fingers, whereas the rule is abiding.

A muddy stream and a clear spring.

I shall not soon forget the second Sabbath. We were near that muddy stream in New Mexico called the Pueroo. A little abandoned hut, the only sign of habitation, was hastily cleared of the dust and rubbish that other sojourners had left on the floors; a few sticks for firewood, after much search, were gathered and the provi-

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pleasant. It was I think at the end of the second day, when the

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me, mounted on his gray pony and with a Colman's revolver said:

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of a single horseman riding, at an angle toward our party. As soon

as he was near enough for recognition, I was glad to hear the shout

"Miguel here!" The spot where Miguel was, it was indeed Miguel, true

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last both killed. With I lose all faith in man, I shall not cease

to seek the primitive, that has usually worked well. That I have

seen this. The expectation may be mentioned on the lips, whether

the wife is dying.

A windy stream and a great spring.

I shall not soon forget the second Sabbath. We were near that

mountain stream in New Mexico called the Esero. A little abandoned

but, the only sign of habitation, was hastily cleared of the dust

and rubbish that other explorers had left on the floor; a few

sticks for firewood, a few with some water gathered and the provi-

sions unpacked and brought in; but soon our men reported that the animals would not drink the water of the creek. Then the white men were vexed at me for halting there. The little town, but a few miles ahead, was across the Rio Grande, ^{and} ~~but~~ ^{boat} a ferry was said to be running. The place was full of whiskey and I dreaded exceedingly the spending a night and a day where the temptations would be so great to the Indians, the drivers and the soldiers. Therefore I persisted in remaining at the Puerco.

At night we set aside pails filled from the creamy stream, hoping that the water-mud would settle. But in the morning the water had not cleared. It was still such a clayey porridge that nobody could drink it. The thirsty horses pawed the brink and catching the hateful stuff in their lips held their noses high in air rejecting it with their own peculiar indignant protest. But fortunately, for my peace of mind Concepcion and Anteneto, the young Pima chief, while wandering over some rocky ground came across a natural basin of clear water. The anxiety was over and we were fairly supplied.

There is nothing more effective in winning the temporary good behavior of savage, or unruly men, than to bring them under the influence of a simple religious service. And a permanent foothold results in behalf of civilization, if the soul is thus brought by divine help into ^a regenerated condition.

Mrs. Browning beautifully says:

"And, not to work in vain" (one) "must comprehend

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element unopposed and brought in; but soon our men reported that the
animals would not drink the water of the creek. Then the white men
were vexed at me for halting there. The little town, but a few
miles ahead, was across the Rio Grande, but a party was said to be
running. The place was full of whiskey and I guessed exceedingly
the spending a night and a day where the temptations would be so
great to the Indians, the doctors and the missionaries. Therefore I
persisted in pressing at the fastest.

At night we set aside galls killed from the crummy stream,
hoping that the water-mad would settle. But in the morning the wa-
ter had not cleared. It was still such a clayey porridge that no-
body could drink it. The thirsty horses knew the drink and catch-
ing the hateful stuff in their lips held their noses high in air
rejecting it with their own peculiar indignant protest. But for-
unately, for my horse of kind conception and Antonio, the young
man called, while working over some rocky ground some across a
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"And, not to work in vain" (and) must comprehend

Humanity, and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did, first."

The harvest is consequent upon the seed-sowing. In keeping with this faith we held a brief service. Captain Wilkinson gave yeast to the mixture of talk and Scripture by the richness of his voice in song. Once he sang "the cleansing fountain". After his closing ~~closing~~ verse:

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

I noticed that Pedro, who certainly could not have understood the words, was in tears. He arose, went straight to the Captain and folded him in his arms, saying with a softened voice: "Bueno, bueno!" It was about the only Spanish word that he could utter. Another incident occurred here illustrative of the quickness of outward conformity to technical usage. I have mentioned Mr. Cook, the Pima teacher. He was a German by birth, served as a soldier during our war, for a portion of the time in the Southwest in the neighborhood of these Indians.

He became religious while a soldier. After his discharge he worked awhile in Chicago. But his ardent mind found no rest. The impression was upon him that he must return to Arizona and teach

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worked awhile in Chicago. But his ardent mind found no rest. The

impression was upon him that he must return to Arizona and teach

the Indians so as to bring them to a knowledge of Christ. So he did. He worked his way back in his poverty making a remarkable journey with little money, of more than three thousand miles. We found him conducting two schools among the Pimas and Maricopas. Like all successful missionaries he first learned the language of the people that he designed to instruct. So that now Mr. Cook talked quite freely with Louis in the Pima language.

The incident to which I referred was this: Louis, on this Sabbath of the Puerco, had been drawn into a dispute with some of our party and after a time became impatient, fretful and then sulky. For this conduct Mr. Cook reproved him. He thereupon became angry. I called him to me and asked: "Louis, what's the matter?" "I'm going back", he replied. "What for?" "Teacher dont treat me right, he insults me. He say - Louis no Christian!"

Doctor Bendell, who was a jew, then inquired into the serious trouble and succeeded in adjusting the difficulty. Louis' tribute, thus given to his christian progress was indeed of a meager and doubtful character, yet it is something gained when an Indian can be insulted by being called reproachfully "no Christian."

Crossing the Rio Grande.

I had considerable dread of this great river. One of the most vigorous of my West Point classmates, Lieutenant Davant in attempting to cross this river with his horse, was carried away by the overwhelming force of the current and drowned. The difficulties

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pany to cross this river with his horse, was carried away by the
overwhelming force of the current and drowned. The difficulties

of the passage when the water was high were proverbial in the army. At this time the Rio Grande had risen far beyond its usual bed and was as swift in its flow as the Mississippi.

As we approached the bank opposite the little town of Albuquerque the Indians were full of wonderment as to our crossing the flood when presently they caught sight of a flat-boat coming with great swiftness from a point high up the other shore. It landed below us and was dragged by ropes back to our position. An occurrence here, which came near resulting in a fatal blow, made this ferriage memorable. We had in our party, going East with us, a young man of a peculiar temperament. Tall, lank and sombre, and having his mind replete with stories of wonderful adventure, he invariably shaded his yarns, of which there were many to tell, with a dark and gloomy coloring. He was dubbed "Dismal Jeems". It required close packing to get all of our company on board the flat-boat. As I stepped from the shore, I saw "Dismal Jeems" standing close to a mule near what the Detroit Free Press would call "the south end" of the animal. The young man's apprehensions of a dismal nature were doubtless aroused when the boatmen were pushing that uncertain craft into the current, but never for one moment did he suspect trouble from that quiet mule who was standing demurely with steady upright ears so near him. Just how, no one could tell, whether with one foot or with two - it was uncertain - but something struck poor Jeems below the breast, when he turned a quick summersault into the water.

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As we approached the bank opposite the little town of Alamosa, two the Indians were full of apprehension as to our crossing the flood which presently they would sight of a flat-bottomed boat with great swiftness from a point high up the other shore. It landed below us and was dragged by ropes back to our position. An occurrence here, which time most resulting in a fatal blow, made this town a scene of trouble. He had in our party, being sent with us a young man of a peculiar temperament, tall, lean and somber, and having his mind tormented with stories of wonderful adventures, he invariably shaded his face, of which there were many to tell, with a dark and gloomy coloring. He was dubbed "Black Tom". It required some back-land to get all of our company on board the flat-bottom. As I stepped from the shore, I saw "Black Tom" standing alone in a wide space about the shore. These would call "the south end" of the animal.

The young man's apprehensions of a dismal future were doubtless aroused when the boatmen were pushing that uncertain craft into the current, but never for one moment did he suspect trouble from that quiet male who was standing so calmly with steady upright arms near him. Just how, no one could tell, whether with one foot or with two - it was uncertain - but something struck poor Tom's foot the moment, when he landed a quick somersault into the water.

Luckily it was on the shore side - for in a minute he was rescued, crying out lustily as he emerged and regained the deck with dripping garments: "Oh, dear, Oh, dear, help me!" This incident added another link to our Jeems' dismal chain. Those naughty Indians, savage as they were, would clap their hands, bend their flexible bodies and laugh, remorselessly crying: "Jondaisie tonejudah." (the mule bad.)

The flat-boat could only reach a sandbar about two thirds of the way across, then followed the wading with a horseman for a pilot. One wagon was stalled and many important articles lost. The mules wallowed in the mud beneath the shallow water and often sank in the quicksands so that it was with great difficulty that they were saved from drowning. We were indeed in a sad plight when we reached our camp a little outside of the town. And to add to our misfortunes the very disaster that I had feared came upon us. Part of the men, including the driver of my own wagon became crazy with liquor. But to my satisfaction the Indians kept the promise, which they had made me, not to drink. Even Concepcion, who had an almost uncontrollable thirst for the insane beverages restrained himself at Albuquerque. In consequence, at Santa Fe which we shortly after visited, he compensated himself for his abstinence, and showed us most plainly what effect abundant fire-water could produce upon indian blood. From spasms of screaming to spasms of laughter, from praying and begging to fierce cursing, in brief, the rapid and continuous transitions from seeming good nature to bad blood were both ludicrous and terrific. This finally ended in the usual besotted

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 crying out faintly as he emerged and regarding the boat with distrust.
 "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" he cried, "I am not a savage."
 or "I am not a savage," he said, "I am not a savage."
 as they were, would slap their hands, bend their flexible bodies and
 laugh, remorselessly crying: "Jahankar jahankar!" (the white man).
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 of the men, including the driver of my own wagon became crazy with
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 transient transition from seeming good nature to bad blood were both
 Indian and terrible. This finally ended in the usual resorted

stupidity. Miguel and the other Indians watched and held him till his drunken sleep relieved their guard. They here too kept to their promised sobriety.

The first Rail Road.

Pueblo was on our route. It was the terminus of our staying, for here began the Denver and Santa Fe narrow gauge Rail Road. As we neared the town we suddenly came upon the track. The Indians ran to the track road and sat down beside the curious frame-work; timidly and curiously they felt of the spikes which fastened the iron rails; looked long at the freight and cattle cars, which were standing near at hand, and then, like children after the first surprise of new gifts, clapped their hands with great glee. Soon the train excites additional surprise as it backs slowly to the terminus to take us aboard. The party files slowly into the small coaches and takes seats, two and two. I was astonished myself at the evident terror the Indians manifested. They fairly crouched between the high backs, put down their heads and covered their darkening faces with their hands. "What's the matter now, Eskeltecela?" The interpreter translates the old man's affrighted reply: "We've said we'll go with you. We've given you our whole hearts and we will go where you go!" "But what makes them so queer, Concepcion?" "Why, sir, they are afraid." After a few miles of the safe and easy riding they straightened up and began to take accounts of the

curiosity. Miguel and the other Indians watched and held their breath. His answer came relieved their guard. They have too kept so tight. remained satisfied.

The First Rail Road.

People was on our route. It was the terminus of our journey. For here began the Denver and Santa Fe narrow gauge Rail Road. As we started the town we suddenly came upon the track. The Indians ran to the track road and sat down beside the curious frame-work. Curiously and anxiously they felt of the spikes which fastened the iron rails; looked long at the freight and cattle cars, which were standing near at hand, and then, like children after the first surprise of new gifts, clasped their hands with great glee. Soon the train excited additional curiosity as it backed slowly to the terminus to take us aboard. The party filed slowly into the small coaches and taken seats, two and two. I was astonished myself at the evident terror the Indians manifested. They fairly trembled between the high backs, put down their heads and covered their darkening faces with their hands. "What's the matter now, Bucklehead?" The interpreter translated the old man's frightened reply: "We've said we'll go with you. We've given you our whole hearts and we will go where you go!" "But what makes them so queer, Conquistador?" "Why, sir, they are afraid." After a few miles of the safe and easy riding they strengthened up and began to take account of the

hills and mountains. The fear was allayed and gave place to other emotions.

New York. Philadelphia. Washington.

New wonders opened before them as towns became larger and more frequent, and the size, variety and grandeur of their structures increased. The climax of surprise was reached in New York City; not in the magnitude of that cosmopolitan city; not in the thronging multitudes, nor the beautiful buildings; not in the Central Park, which they visited whose abundant collections and natural objects delighted them; nor in the forest of shipping, the like of which was beyond their wildest dream; no, it was on beholding, for the first time, one eyed Miguel with two eyes, being apparently restored to sight. An artificial eye had been prepared and introduced into his poor vacant socket. It was indeed so like the real eye as to defy any but the closest scrutiny.

The Indians in Philadelphia visited the Park, the Girard College, the manufacturies, the many amusements and were made happy there as all strangers are by the cordiality and notice of the people, but they paid their most marked attention to the Penitentiary. They walked up and down the different galleries. These branch out, like the spokes of a wheel in horizontal position, from the central hall. The Indians as they sauntered along stopped to gaze through the grating and were filled with compassion for the inmates. Before leaving the building Miguel came to me with the interpreter. He

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leaving the building Mingo came to me with the interpreter. He

had a very solemn aspect. He said: "Is there one man confined in here who is innocent of any crime? If there is such a one, I want to speak to him. For I was once taken prisoner and carried to Santa Fé and kept in prison for a year. I was innocent of any crime. I was very sad and lonely then. I don't want another man to be so unhappy."

Next came the Washington visit. Here a week was put in to good purpose. We had glimpses at the myriads of curiosities at the Capitol and other public edifices. We saw the great father and his first and second friend with whom the Indians would always have to do. We looked at the Navy Yard and the Washington Arsenal, whose big guns and little ones have taken the heart from so many other delegations from savage life. We took our way to schools, universities and churches, but nothing imparted such rich enjoyment as our visit to the college of the deaf-mutes. For here bright eyed boys quickly established their sign communication with the Indians. They all rivaled the boys in their curious imitation signs. The bear, the cat, the dog, the horse and what not were successively caricatured by the oddest, most expressive motions. The Indians were greatly entertained and often afterward mentioned these boys, "who talked with their hands and arms."

Now, in July I made my preparations for the second trip. I will defer an account of it to the next paper. It has been my fortune since my first entry into the Government service to have much to do with the Indians. Old Eskeltecela expressed a thought

had a very narrow escape. He said that there was one man confined in
 the prison who is innocent of any crime. It seems to me that I want
 to speak for him. For I was once taken prisoner and confined in
 the same place and kept in prison for a year. I was innocent of any crime.
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 hospital and other public buildings. We saw the good father and
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 to do. We looked at the new yard and the Washington grounds, where
 his wife and little ones have taken the land. There are many other
 delegations from various tribes. We look out way to school, and
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 I will bring an account of it to the next paper. It has been my
 fortune since my first entry into the Government service to have
 much to do with the Indians. Old Lakotseala expressed a strong

one day as I talked with him. "White men seem to think Indians are all alike. There are good ones and bad ones." True enough. In their savage warfare when age and sex are never spared by them from demoniac outrage, all intrinsic goodness may well be doubled or denied by the people who suffer. Yet when peace comes, and good will has won upon them, the very same men, who were demons in war, have become children. Win their confidence and change their souls. Then the victory is won.

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